

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

TERMS.

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POETRY.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in life depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—now
They must have taunted in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
Whence elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TOWN AND TIMES.

"Arthur, Arthur, I say,—back, Tower, get out from before me. Arthur, where are you?—buried forever with your books, like a mouse in a cheese. Why are you not ready for your gunning excursion?"

"Gunning," said Arthur, raising his eyes with a half-raised look, as his brother with two dogs burst into his apartment. "O, it's too sultry, too oppressive to think of going into the woods this afternoon; I prefer to remain at home."

"At home! always at home, hidden in some corner half-stuffed over some stupid volume, never to be found when you are needed—never ready when your company or your energy, if you have any, might be of service to those to whom you owe your services. If a sick aunt or a gouty uncle is to be driven out, or entertained in any way whatever, the whole burden must fall on me. Arthur's assistance is out of the question, because he is forever out of the way. Here I have been all the morning driving about old Mrs. Stockton, holding her salts, and her fan; and more than all, trying to play the agreeable to the veriest bore in existence, while the woods are full of game and the rifles are cracking here and there, in every direction, and thinking it out by hand! and now when I have returned with all the impatience in the world, expecting to find you with every thing ready, behold you have forgotten it. It is enough to exhaust the patience of the good old hero of Uz. The game in the woods may come, and go; the fish in the river swim till it overflows, without fear of molestation from the care which you would bestow to provide dainties for the table. And the fortune that has been left you, too, might waste like the dew before the sun, if no one cared any more than yourself for its preservation. A hard fate would be yours my dreamy boy, if you were left to provide for your own want, even though the wealth of a prince were yours from which to supply them. Spiritless as a pining child you will always need to be under the care of a nurse, or you will neither be fed nor clothed," and without waiting an answer to his last words, Henry Walworth closed the door.

Arthur had dropped his book, risen from his seat, and stood with folded arms before his brother during this speech, while the hot blood went crowding and flashing over his pale temples, till the veins seemed swollen almost to bursting. He was a slight, pale youth, with fair hair sleeping upon an open forehead, white his full clear eye had the ring of the wild blue violet, and the gleam of the waters on whose banks it grew. The youngest son of a wealthy family, and from his delicate health and deeply sensitive nature, the pet of a widowed mother, he had turned his attention wholly to those quiet pursuits to which his tastes were adapted. The wealth which he inherited from his father he had left entirely to the care of his bustling elder brothers, and had never even as much as enquired what was the extent of his own fortune. Indeed there was far more wealth for him in the rich mines of ancient lore, through which he was accustomed to work his way, or the bright visions which fancy wove, than in the dross which the world prizes so highly.

If there was one characteristic possessed by Arthur Walworth other than that which made him the quiet thoughtful being we have described, it was pride, deep, burning pride; and this spirit was fully roused by the taunts to which he had just listened. With a pulse that beat in no even measure and an unsteady step he moved for hours, back and forth, across his apartment. His life passed in review before him—the days—the months—the years that had lapsed away, without bearing for him the record of any action worthy of remembrance. True, he had revelled in day dreams, and cherished bright hopes for manhood; and he felt not now for the first time, how unworthy a thing it is to rest one's reputation and fortune upon the

Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

VOL. II.

WOODSFIELD, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

No. 28.

efforts of another. What to him he asked were the laurels that other hands had twined, even though, in the eyes of the world, their leaves might cast a kindly shadow upon his own brow? A spirit of proud independence took possession of him and he resolved that he would enjoy no wealth which his own hands had not earned, no station which he had not attained by his own exertions. He determined to leave his friends, and seek his own way through the world, and his imagination painted in glowing colors the triumph with which he would, at no distant period, return to the home of his childhood laden with wealth, and crowned with honors which he had won, without the aid of friends, or fortune. The first glow of anger towards his brother had passed away, and he now felt only a desire to prove to him that he had judged him falsely, and to show him the fruits of that energy of which he had pronounced him destitute. In his present excited state of feeling, this seemed to him an aim of greater value than to seek the applause of the whole world beside. He thought of his mother, but the thought only served to weaken his resolution, and he banished her from his mind. And Marion, too, the joyous girl who had been the companion of his infancy, the playmate of his childhood, the sharer of his joys and sorrows thus far on the path of life; she was not forgotten in the plans which he now formed for the future, and upon which he was about to act. She had been the first object in all the aims of his boyhood—the chief one whose smile was to be sought, or whose happiness regarded; and it was not natural he should forget her now. He felt that the loss of her presence—her happy smile, and gentle voice of approval would be far more to him than aught else which he should leave behind; but he consoled himself with the thought that he should return to her, with the proud consciousness that he had achieved something which would render him worthy of her affection. It was in the midst of these reflections that the true nature with which he regarded her, was for the first time revealed. Before, she had been to him but as a sister, cherished and well beloved; but he now saw, as he contemplated long years of absence, that he could in no wise consent that she should bestow upon any other, the regard that he had always claimed for her.

Marion Wells was the orphan child of one of whom, in the days of her childhood, Mrs. Walworth had entertained a romantic friendship;—who had been left a widow, a few months after marriage; and who, on her death bed, had committed her infant daughter to the care of her only friend. She had been reared in the family, with the utmost tenderness, and had been regarded as a daughter, and a sister, by Mrs. Walworth and her sons.

It was night, and Arthur Walworth stood in his apartment, looking out for the last time upon the river, the hills, and the woods, which he had first learned to love, and in the mould of which his spirit had in no slight degree been cast. The quiet moonlight stole through the parted curtains and slept upon the floor like a white dove, amid the deep green of the forest. All was repose around him. The family had long been buried in the arms of slumber. But no! they were not all sleeping; even now there came a step across the hall, and passed before his door.

It was Henry, who had returned from his hunting excursion. His mind had been but ill at ease since he left; for he remembered his unkind words, and well knew how sensitive was Arthur's nature. He had only been prevented from returning ere he had nearly reached the woods, by that spirit which makes it so difficult for us to confess that we have been in the wrong. He laid his hand upon the lock of Arthur's door, and hesitated. "He's sleeping now," thought he, "and if I wake him I shall have no excuse for it, but that I came to ask his forgiveness. It would seem ridiculous. Very like he has never thought of it since. I had better allude to it incidentally, if at all. Well never mind, I'll treat him very kindly in the morning, and if he seems to have been wounded, I will tell him, I regret what I said," and he turned away. It was his evil genius that prompted the decision. He had not thought how lovely a thing is the exhibition of that regard for the feelings of others, that solicitude which he really felt, and did not dream that ere another morning dawned his brother would be forever beyond the reach of his kindness. Arthur supposing it to be some servant who had been out, only listened till the sound of his step had died away, and then moving towards a table he took a letter which he had addressed to Marion, and in which he had given her his reasons for leaving home, declared all his hopes and aspirations for the future, his undying attachment to herself, and told her that she would hear from him no more till he returned having proved himself worthy to claim her for his own. A few lines for his mother he left on the table, speaking only of a burning desire to distinguish himself in the world, and saying that she would see him no more until this wish was accomplished. He opened a door leading into a side passage, fronting the garden, and proceeding across this to an opposite door, thrust his head through the open window, and the fastening, and the next moment stood within the sleeping apartment of Marion Wells.

For some moments he gazed upon her as she slept. The light of the full moon streamed in upon the curtains, and in one or two places rested beside her. One hand rested beneath her head, and the dark curls with which her small and fair face was surrounded, swept over it, and parting at the wrist upon the pillow, while the other reposed upon the white counterpane. Arthur stooped down, and pressed his lips upon it. She started at the touch but only turned her head upon the pillow, and murmuring a few words which he had that day addressed to her, sunk again into slumber. He turned away, and placing the letter upon his dressing table, took thence a small, but richly set miniature of herself and left the spot.

CHAPTER II.

"Hilloa, my fine fellow, where now? Here I have been looking all over town for you these three

days, and now that I have found you, you look as gloomy as a monk." I should think one might get dull enough in this stupid place without avoiding what company they can find. I verily believe the horrors have made a permanent settlement on your brow. For my part I am determined to drive them away from mine; I am bound for making a jolly day of it. It's the only way a fellow can get rid of a fit of the blues, so just loosen your purse-strings, and go with me. Come, lay aside your monkship for once, and be generous. We'll be merry enough to-day to drive away the horrors for a month to come."

"I am in no mood for merriment, Wilson," returned the person addressed, "and as for loosening my purse-strings, they are loose enough already.—There is little use of fastening the strings of an empty purse."

"What out of cash, as well as out of spirits?—Well, those are too bad things to want at the same time, I confess."

"Yet the want of the one is a very natural cause of the want of the other, it strikes me."

"Well, but what are you doing to mend your fortune? It would look well to see a fine fellow like you, lying idle with empty pockets. Got your eyes open I hope?"

"Yes, my eyes are open, most surely to the difficulties of living in this world. The fact is, Wilson, I am completely discouraged. I have tried almost every way to sustain myself, and had no success in any thing. If I find employment, it is ten to one, if I suit my employer, and as for remaining where my services are not wanted I positively will not. And then, if employment is to be sought, you must bring a back-load of recommendations, and have your tongue oiled to speak your own praises, as if every man was to be supposed guilty of some horrible crime till he has proved himself innocent. If a man wants you, he will exert all his eloquence to prove that he does not, and that if he employs you it is a mere matter of benevolence, in order that he may maintain your services for the lowest possible price, and—"

"Ha, ha, good!" exclaimed Wilson, "I wonder if you have just found that out; why, man alive, it's the first lesson of life. If you expected to find the world honest, and the lips opened for the purpose of saying what is meant, it is no wonder you are poor; you deserve to be so, for having made such a blunder at the outset. Now, as for recommendations, an honest youth, like yourself, can get them anywhere, or can pretend to have them, if he has not, and it don't seem to me such very hard work to speak one's own praises, especially when there is every good to be obtained by it."

"I shall ask no man for his recommendation," exclaimed Arthur, for it was he. "If I cannot obtain a good name without begging it, I will do without, and if I win no other applause than that which is heralded by my own lips, I shall be a bankrupt indeed."

"Where upon earth did you obtain such high flown notions? You ought to be as rich as Croesus, and as immaculate as Hercules, to get through the world with such ideas." I tell you a man must stoop, if he would rise, in this world of ours; and the higher he wishes to go up, the narrower and meaner must be the crevices he wants to crawl through."

"Stooping! Wilson. I have learned every thing there is to be learned on that subject. It is not this that troubles me, but the begging system, we must go through; the utter dependence and slavery in which a poor man must exist, under those from whom he obtains employment, and thereby the means of subsistence."

"Ah ha! my good fellow, I think I understand you; then you would not hesitate at any honest means of getting a living, if it were but an independent one?"

Arthur did not notice the peculiar emphasis with which the word "honest" was pronounced; nor the keen look with which Wilson cast upon him in his last remark, and he answered—

"Certainly not, but it is a station for which I have long ceased to hope."

"Not so fast; I tell you not so fast. My business is an independent one in every respect; independent in every thing except my own will, and brings in money as fast as one wishes to spend it. Now, if you wish, I will introduce you to our honorable firm—teach you to play your cards, and lend you capital enough myself, for a commencement, and then if you cannot get on to your complete satisfaction you are to be pitied. What say you? Will you do it?"

"If your business is what you say, I will enter into it with all my heart. Any thing is better than my present situation and prospects. But—"

"You talk like a man of sense; I knew you were just the chap for us. Come, sit down here by me," he continued, "I must give you a few lessons before I introduce you to our Holy Brotherhood of Blacklegs."

Arthur started as if he had been bitten by a serpent. "Why do you stare at me so, as if you were horror-stricken? I hope you are not frightened at the name of a scandalizing world has given us. I thought you promised not to stick at any thing except dependence."

"Is it possible that you can be in earnest, Wilson? I said I would not shrink from any thing honest; you said your employment was an honorable one. I have stopped, as I said again and again, to ask the means of earning my daily bread; but never have I yet, nor will I ever stoop to do a base action, of that you may be sure."

"You are very nice, Walworth; very nice indeed," retorted Wilson, sharply, "and for your reward you may live and die a beggar. Fortune does not bestow her favors upon those who are too good to receive and prize the dross that was dug out of the bowels of the earth. He that will not soil his hands by stooping up the dust from the dirty mine, may as well seek her smiles, for she has nothing else to give. I tell you man, that the world is the great gaming table, those who are winners know the cards they play, and they that lose do so because they have not been initiated

into the mysteries of the game. Every one takes, and makes the best of all the advantage which is placed in his hands, without caring for any other welfare than his own. What is it to get a man's services for the lowest possible price, which you have just owned as a universal practice, but to swindle him out of that which justly belongs to him, and all because it is in one's power to do so? All business is a system of gambling with marked cards, in which the ignorant are the dupes. There is no difference except in name. There is not an honest man on earth; if there is, I pity him."

"This is false, Wilson; such reasoning may serve to keep your conscience quiet for a time, but it cannot serve you long. You know that it is not true. The world is bad enough without such a coloring as this. And, as for honest men, you may as well keep your sympathy to yourself, for even though they starve, they do so with a wealth far richer than the mines of Golconda, preserved in their own bosoms; a wealth, too, which will not be scattered to the four winds at the hour of death."

"Ahem," said Wilson with a sneer, "I did not know you were so pious. I am glad the world uses you so well as to merit your high opinion of it. I was mistaken I thought it did not."

It might not have been strange, perhaps, in his present destitute and discouraging situation, if Arthur had been more ready to lend an ear to the poisonous philosophy of Wilson; but he had principle to protect him, and penetration to detect the flimsy nature of his specious arguments. Little had he learned of the world, when with many a brilliant air castle glittering before him, he deserted the home of his childhood, and threw himself, penniless and friendless into the tumultuous ocean of humanity, to win his way unaided to the pinnacle of fame. During the years that had passed away since then, he found that he had not only been unable to rise above the tide, but had scarcely succeeded in supplying his own wants; and now actual poverty stared him in the face. Every one who has made the attempt knows well that it is no easy matter for a person to earn his living, where he has neither money nor friends to assist him at the outset, and, besides this, Arthur was too proud, too sensitive, to get on well in the world, in the position in which he had placed himself. He had been reared in affluence, and it was far more difficult for him to buffet the storms of life, than if his native energies had been called out in the school of poverty. He had read glowing descriptions of the fortunate few, who from humble stations in life had risen to eminence and power, but he had not read the hearts of the multitude of mankind, who had poured over these tales with an enthusiasm equal to his own; and launched their barks upon the sea of life, destined for the same glittering port; nor did he know that, amid that multitude, there was not one in a thousand, whose bark was not soon wrecked upon some hidden shoal, or quicksand. It may be true that "every man's fortune is in his own hands," but it is no less true that Fortune is a jade which many do not know how to manage and never will. And, as for fame, it is the merest accident in the world.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

And there is no doubt, also, many a gem in the ocean of mankind, that no chance wave will ever bring to light. The requisite qualities for a hero being given, the voice which heralds them to the world is merely circumstantial.

"Occasion makes the man." No one can assume the reins of power unless they fall within his reach. And though there be "a tide in the affairs of men," it is not every one who knows at what time it goes out. Arthur had not learned this under the roof where he was born, but he had ere this seen enough of adversity, to have been induced to return to his friends, had he not been too proud to do so. He had committed himself, and he could not bear the thought of returning to the house he had left with such high hopes, in poverty and disgrace. How many of the actions, and opinions of mankind, are hinged on this one thing; in an unguarded moment they have committed themselves, and now they will not retract.

CHAPTER III.

"Marion, Col. L.—is below, and has inquired for you."

Marion's pale face grew paler than usual, she rose from her seat, and hesitated.

"I hoped he would not call again," said she. An expression of displeasure flitted across the features of Mrs. Walworth, and she replied in a severe tone—

"It is fortunate for obstinate, and capricious young ladies, that their caprices are understood; and that their friends do not desert them at their bidding, but are kind enough to wait their sober second thoughts."

"Mrs. Walworth?"

"Go down, Marion; Col. L.—'s patience will not last always; and do not let me hear that you have disgraced the family by another refusal."

"My more than mother," exclaimed Marion, in a tone of the deepest distress, "ask of me any other sacrifice—there is nothing that I would not willingly do for you, but I cannot marry, and I do not love."

"This tune has been sung in my ears too long. You have refused the best matches in town with this same tale, and if you are not capable of loving Col. L.—, you may rest assured you will never find any one you can love. I am sure I have never seen a more agreeable man. His family are among my warmest friends, and I feel your refusal of him a personal offence, and insult. It is not usual for young ladies who have been dependent all their lives, to be so fastidious."

Marion burst into tears.

"There," continued Mrs. W., "now you are crying, Marion. I am out of all manner of patience with you. You will not be fit to see him, if you do not dry your tears immediately, and what excuse shall I give for I promised to send you down directly. Well, it is out of the question now;

you may as well go to your room, and count, if you can, the opportunities which you have thrown away. I have done my best to procure you a good settlement in life, but I see that it is of no use. I shall still have to keep you on my hands."

Marion retired to her room, and throwing herself upon her couch, wept long and bitterly. A cruel feeling is that of dependence, and a sense of obligation to those with whose wishes we cannot comply; particularly when we feel that they demand a compliance with those wishes, as a return for our obligations to them. She had always been treated with the utmost kindness by Mrs. Walworth, and she therefore felt all the more deeply her allusion to her independent situation. Col. L.—was all she could have asked in a husband, and might undoubtedly have won a place in her heart had it not been wholly pre-occupied by the memory of Arthur. Of this, however, Mrs. Walworth knew nothing. The letter which she found upon her dressing table on the morning after his disappearance had been seen by no eye but her own, and the feeling with which she remembered him was concealed within the recesses of her own heart.

In a few days after the above conversation her demeanor was marked by a quiet sadness. Mrs. Walworth treated her as one with whom she had a right to be offended; and she felt daily, more and more deeply the burden of that dependence in which she had lived and must still live, so long as she remained in the family. After some hesitation she determined she would submit to it no longer. Her various accomplishments, she knew, would obtain for her a comfortable support in her native city; and upon this resource she resolved to throw herself, and thus relieve Mrs. Walworth from that which, she feared, she had long considered a burden. To this lady she therefore imparted her resolution, as soon as it was fully formed. Mrs. Walworth was surprised, and for some moments made no reply. She at once inferred that there must be some other reason for Marion's decision than that which she gave. She had never been placed in circumstances of dependence herself, and did not know how easily a sensitive mind may be wounded, when in such a situation. It might be, she thought, that Marion was angry for the warmth which she had urged her to accept the address of Col. L.—perhaps she was impatient of all restraint,—or more probably she had formed an attachment to some obscure individual, and would, if removed from the family, be left free to follow her own inclinations. It was not the first time that this latter idea had presented itself to the mind of Mrs. Walworth. There was no other way in which she could account for Marion's constant refusal of persons every way worthy of her, and she now concluded that she must have been right in this opinion. She therefore answered coldly—

"Well Marion you have formed this decision without my advice, and of course you will act upon your own pleasure. I have done all I could for you, and if you cannot be happy in any way I can offer you, take your own course. Remember that you leave our house of your own choice."

(Conclusion next week.)

AN APPEAL
FOR
THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

"Make a crusade against ignorance."—Jefferson.

NO. V.
MEASURES PROPOSED.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Blind us farther than to-day."

LONGFELLOW.

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Such is the language of the Declaration of Independence. But what worth has life, if it be that of a brute? or of what value is liberty, if it be that of a wild beast? or what avails a man's pursuit of happiness when he knows not the path wherein it is found?

Every man should live as if conscious of immortal powers; a wisely regulated liberty is alone desirable; and he but vainly strives in the pursuit of happiness, who is without the guidance of a well instructed mind. It is of wisdom that it is said "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The promotion, therefore, of mental improvement—the diffusion of knowledge—the encouragement of virtuous habits—or, in other words, the great business of Education—how can this be taught else, than the most worthy care of a free government?

That any man should refuse his assent to these truths, is to me most strange. As for those men, who become members of the General Assembly of Ohio, and who thus have the power to legislate upon the subject, their assent is already given when they have taken the official oath which requires them to support the constitution of the State. The third section of the eighth article of the constitution of Ohio contains these words:

"But religion, morality and knowledge, being essentially necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, SCHOOLS AND THE MEANS OF INSTRUCTION SHALL FOREVER BE ENCOURAGED BY LEGISLATIVE PROVISION, not inconsistent with the rights of conscience."

LEGISLATIVE AID.

To effect the reform which the friends of Education in Ohio so greatly desire, the aid of the Legislature is absolutely necessary; and some, no doubt already suppose that the man, who has been at the trouble to write these papers, has in view a vast and expensive scheme of legislation. That, however, is not the truth. It is not for the creation of any huge monster, whose head and horns and tails

shall fright innocent citizens from their property, that I ask, but only for the institution of a little, very simple, and not expensive machinery, firstly, for finding out exactly what is already done in all our school districts; and secondly and lastly, for inciting those concerned, whenever that is possible, to the doing of something better. It is not anything inconsistent with the rights of conscience, or that interferes with parental privileges, that I propose. I want nothing which will violate the mind's just liberty, or that will trespass upon any of the rights of freemen.

What I do want, and all too, as I think, that the friends of Education ought now to ask for, is simply this:

1. A legislative provision that not a dollar of the public moneys now annually distributed to the school districts of this State, shall hereafter be paid to any district, until, through its proper officers, it has made complete and reliable returns, of all those facts, proceedings, and particulars, pertaining to its public education, which can be of any interest or importance to those who seek statistics upon the subject;

2. The appointment of a State Superintendent or Secretary of Common Schools, whose duty it shall be, to receive these statistical returns, and, for the information of philanthropic minds, to digest and publish them; and also by occasional printed circulars, or other cheap mode of publication, to communicate to the officers of each school district, and to the teachers of each common school in the State, such information, advice and suggestions, as, in his judgment will best assist them in the discharge of their duties. Is there anything wrong in this? Is there anything that a solitary citizen can reasonably object to?

The statistics desired would incline an account of the size of the district—the number of its children over 4 and under 16—the description of its school house, and of the lot on which it stands—the number of months in the year during which the school was open—the scholars in attendance—the studies pursued—the books used—the discipline and incentives resorted to—the wages paid to teachers, and the public moneys received. Is it not desirable to know these things? And if any district should neglect to make the required returns, would it not be perfectly right for the State to retain its share of the public money? If a benevolent private individual has money to give away, does he not wisely prefer to give it to one whom he knows, rather than to one of whose character he is totally ignorant? So then it should be with the State.

That the Superintendent, whose appointment is asked for, could be of vast service to the cause of Education, is too obvious to be questioned. He should be a man of large mind and liberal Education, giving up to his office all his time and discharging its duties with his whole heart. Of course, his selection would be determined by motives far above the impulses of petty prejudice, or of party strife. The light that he could every where diffuse, and the stimulus he could give to parents and teachers, would be of incalculable advantage. During the last fifty years, such has been the general progress of the human mind and so rapidly has it advanced the sphere of learning and the dominion of the arts and sciences, that he, who now stands by the modes and instruments of his fathers, is woefully lagging in the race for the means of happiness. In nothing has there been a more gratifying improvement than in the modes of Education; and what is so important as that our children should enjoy the benefit? The business of the State Superintendent would be to make those suggestions and diffuse the information which would most conduce to that end, and the utility of his labors cannot be doubted. Suppose, for example, that he were to send a circular to every school district in the State, presenting one or more of the best and cheapest plans which have been devised, for a district school house. Would it not be every where gladly received, and is it not probable that it would greatly improve the character of the school houses subsequently erected? and not only that, but that it would also keep thousands of dollars in the pockets of the people which, otherwise, would be injudiciously or unnecessarily expended? This alone might justify the institution of the office, though not a word be said of the thousand suggestions which its incumbent could make, that would prompt teachers to a better performance of their duties, and thus enable scholars more wisely to improve the golden hours they spend in school. Surely, there is not one whom I address, who would not be glad to see such an officer appointed.

THE TAX.

Now comes the question, What will be the expense, and who will pay the tax, that must ensue upon the proposed action of the Legislature? Strange as it may seem here is an opportunity for the Legislature to confer a great good upon the people without one dollar of additional taxation. According to a late report of the Auditor of State, there was appointed among the various counties of Ohio, during the last year, for school purposes the sum of \$285,000 of public money; and it appears that about this sum is thus apportioned every year.

I have already estimated the number of school districts in the State, at 8000. If these districts were of equal size, and the moneys from the State treasury equally distributed, the share of each district would be exactly 35 dollars and 62 1/2 cents, as is here shown:

\$8000	285000	35
		24000
		45000
		40000
		5000

Is there a district in the State that would not willingly surrender this odd 62 1/2 cents for the sake of having a state School Superintendent, with all his valuable statistics, his instructive reports, and his good advice? I think not. Well then, 62 1/2 cents per district would, for 8000 districts, make a sum of \$5000. This would pay the necessary salary of a Superintendent, and all his expenses, twice over. I trust I need say nothing more as to the expense of what I propose.

Your fellow citizen,

JOHN LUTHER.

"Hallo, Jake, where did you buy those fish?"

"I didn't buy 'em."

"Well, where did you get them?"

"I hooked 'em."

A LOW BREED WOMAN.—One, who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Spectacles almost extinct.